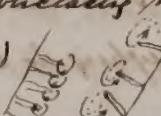


Ola - Mar 6 / 46

Philadelphia March 6th 1846.

I wrote you a few weeks ago by a New York vessel. This is a mere duplicate however, as I intend to enclose one today in Mrs. Whiting,
to go by a N.Y. ship, that sails the day this does from Baltimore. Yes =
terday was the first day of Spring weather. The cold has been unusual;
uninterrupted sleighing, (in all the Country back of the Blue mt &
north of the highlands) since the 1st December. Four foot of snow
is now overlaying our whole middle region, and lies flat on the Alle= =
ghenies. Sleighs flash through our streets like meteors drawn by four
giants, and the laws of quiet seem suspended for the time in
favor of the half crazy hilarity of citizens. But unlock forward
now to a rapid opening Spring. Thank God for the Spring! Oh
it is so heartlaring to hear the first birds & see the first flowers and
when Nature lifts her hand, filled with first purity, towards heaven
and swears by all that is green, by blases shooting & bursting.
& most blessing that God is faithful, and his mercies endure for
ever. Now is the time for the Lord that sits all winter on the top
of the crag looking mournfully down upon the ice - now broken up
and carried away - to launch himself downward after fury. It
is vain to repine during after a mere intimate communion with
this almighty resident power of nature. Is it God? - is it one of his
creatures, or crowds of them, or a mere dumb principle, idiot wise
doing daily duty without daily wages? What is it? On the inner coating
of small plants are planted myriads of Cilia, covering it with a fine
down or nap of infinitesimal tendre bristles; and when the microscope is
Applied each Cilia is seen in never ceasing motion describing an con= =
ciliating cone, (the apex at its root,)  and thereby is kept up

that mysterious Circulation of fluids, which feeds the plant: and of
a Cilia be dislodged and swept away, it finds again some lodgment,
is replanted by one end & at once begins again its endless rotations.

So round each particle of matter seem to revolve the little galvanic
streams. So cilia fill the stomach of the animalcula and carry
on digestion. — What can be they all proceeding from? It surely
is not reason in matter as we know it. It is hard to conceive of it as
a principle. A principle is but a law — a univeristy prece. How
utterly at a loss we are to take the first step, after shutting the great
Door of the temple cella behind us. And those written, perhaps, —
rehearsed to the taste & snuffed to such it — are smiling at
our helplessness. My spirit of air & earth, what fools poor men must
be to your eyes! — Goethe makes his Spirit of Nature speak thus
to Faust (who had inquiries made up) — The conversation opens —

F. Disclose thyself! Ha! how it rages here
Within my heart! To new sensations rare
My senses all delving deep attain!
I feel my own whole heart yield up to thee!
Thou must! thou must! and cost me my life!

(He grasps the torch & expresses mysteriously, the sign of the spirit. A reddish flame
flashes up, the spirit appears in the flame.)

Sp. Who calls me?

F. (turning aside) — Bright ~~fair~~ bright visage!

Sp. Mighty

Hast thou demanded; Sucked upon my spheres
For long, and now —

F. Ah! I knew thee not!

Sp. Thou recepst with sighing to behold me once,

To hear my voice, to see my countenance;
Thy mighty throe of spirit have prevailed,
Here am I! — What a pitiable horror
Grieveth thee, thou supernal! Where is now
Thy call of soul? Thy ardor? which unrolled
Within itself a world, and ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ joy swollen with joy,
Strode hard to lift itself to likehood
With us, the spirits? ~~where~~ Say, where art thou Faust?
Whose voice I heard, who passed so hard with all
His powers upon me? ~~Didst~~ Didst thou? trembling
In all the depths of thine existence; pierced
Racked by the tempest of my simple breath;
A terror stricken, cramped & cringing worm!

F. Dost thou give way to thee, ~~the~~ age of flame?
Yes I am he, am Faust, there equal to!

Gp. In the floodflowings of life, in the tempest of things done
and doing, I wan upward & downward, waff bitter and bitter!
Birth and death — one instant clean,
One changeful wearing, one glowing life, —
Thus at the roaring loom of time I work
And weave for God his flowing robe of life.

F. The ~~busy~~ ^{busy ghost} that bordert round the mighty world,
Thou ~~spirit~~ ^{all employed}, how near I feel to thee!

Spirit. Thou dost resemble rather — Shouldst thou say —
The spirit thou canst comprehend, not me! — — vanishes.

Faust, (struck dumb; alone). Not thee? whom then?

I, image of God least, and yet not of thee? — — — 4c —

Goethe seems to have full comprehended the impossibility of our attaining
that after which no human mind so crazingly seeks, — to know the inner

Spirit of life. It is indeed ~~permis~~ to create a certain Curiosity by this very impropositeness, and may be regarded as one of the goads intended to excite our attention to spiritual things & the ensuing states of our existence. But when we see Spring opening and its wonders moving towards us once more in their eternal cycle, so I have said, it is impossible to repress yearnings after a deeper insight into the mysteries of life. We only sail on its surface after all, & the most presighted think it most shallow. — No man heard from you ship again, though not from you; you were spoken. I hope you are now on good dry land. My whole heart is with you. May yours be wholly with the Savior. That is a precious thing. I know it from the lack of it. There may be much that is sensual in our love for the Savior — but is that anything more than a natural element in it? As he was a man & are not we men & therefore must our love not be human. Was it not for the purpose of bringing himself as God, within the contracted limits of our affections as men, that he became a man of like passing with ourselves, and can sympathize with our infirmities? — Yet there should also be the higher spiritual element — the reverential phase of love, with the sensual; and oh the happiness of such men as Maliburne who walked his closet for long in ecstatic communion with Christ, — and Abel who could have heard the crush of heaven on earth unmoved, in the midst of his celestial affections. I do believe, I must confess, that the sensual predominates in all such cases; but it believe also that it ought so to predominate; it must be just such divine human love that the Savior must enjoy in & our spiritual organs can best perform their functions by. Jesus loved Mary & Martha & Lazarus — and they loved the man whom Jesus. — Peter.